

木樨国际诗歌译丛

荣誉总编 · 张 智 | 总 编 · 李正栓

时间隐喻

METAPHOR OF TIME

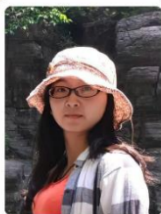
木樨颜 于 阳 译

Translated by Brent Yan and Yu Yang



李秀丽 | 主 编

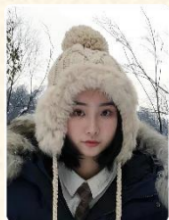
周素素 | 副主编



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Li Xiuli, a member of CPC, is an English teacher of foreign language school at Shandong University of Political Science and Law. She got MTI degree from Ocean University of China. She has compiled a part of *Appreciation of English and American Prose* and translated parts of *Great Marine Kingdom*.



周素素

英语语言文学硕士，现就读于北京外国语大学，研究方向为英美文论及文化研究。爱好阅读、写作和文学翻译，目前对女性主义、后殖民主义、后现代主义等研究领域感兴趣。

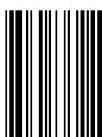
Zhou Susu, M.A. in English Language and Literature, is currently studying at Beijing Foreign Studies University, majoring in Western Literary Criticism and Cultural Studies. She finds interest in reading, writing and literary translation, and concerns herself with feminism, post-colonialism, and postmodernism for the present stage of study.

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**METAPHOR
OF TIME**

隐喻

木樨国际诗歌译丛

BOY INTERNATIONAL POETRY TRANSLATION SERIES

荣誉总编 张智 | 总编 李正栓

Honorary General Editor ZHANG Zhi

General Editor LI Zhengshuan

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Fog, edited by ZHU Huimin and GONG Xiaodi

Green Rhythm, edited by ZHANG Lifeng

Hushed, edited by HAN Yue

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Pupil, edited by ZHAO Yanyan and LI Ruoxi

Pulsation, edited by HU Ping and FU Yingying

Rainwater, edited by ZHU Huimin and YAN Li

METAPHOR OF TIME

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TRANSLATED BY
BRENT YAN & YU YANG

木樨颜 于 阳 译

EDITED BY
LI XIULI & ZHOU SUSU

主 编

李秀丽

副主编

周素素



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Translated by Brent Yan & Yu Yang
Edited by Li Xiuli & Zhou Susu

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总|略 编|语

现代诗歌在海外的面貌如何？这是一个经常叩击当代中国诗人的问题。他们当中能够直接阅读外语诗歌的并不在多数，这时候就需要借助于翻译，所幸我们还有不少诗刊开辟了海外诗歌的译介栏目。翻译是传播的基础，传播是翻译的目的。然而，从这些诗刊中的少量译介——有时并非当代诗歌——勾连出一幅当代世界诗歌图景，却仍是一件苦差。

此时，张智主编的《国际诗歌翻译》(Rendition of International Poetry) 潜入脑海浮上眼帘。是张智中博士引荐我认识了张智博士。这个刊物原名《世界诗人》(The World Poets Quarterly)，1995 年由张智、余海涛、蔡丽双和露丝玛丽·威尔金森联合创办，已有将近 30 年办刊史，是世界上唯一一本多语版当代诗歌选萃翻译季刊。兼任执行总编的张智博士自创刊至今，秉持其兼容并包的办刊理念，先后聚集了杨成虎(杨虚)、张智中、杨宗泽、樱娘、殷晓媛、颜海峰(木樨颜)、童天鉴日、石永浩、马婷婷、丁立群、林巧儿等翻译家担任客座总编，出刊总计 106 期，译介中国和世界各地诗人 4000 余人，翻译诗歌 11000 余首，总计约 20 万行 2000 万字。同时，翻译和出版了来自 30 多个国家的诗人的诗集、选集 400 余部，涉及的语种达 20 多种，传播了中国诗歌文化，译介了全世界优秀诗歌，真正地做到了国际文化交流和世界文明互鉴。通过《国际诗歌翻译》(Rendition of

International Poetry) 季刊, 一些中国诗人曾获得希腊、巴西、美国、以色列、法国、印度、意大利、奥地利、黎巴嫩、马其顿、科索沃、孟加拉、日本等国文学奖。这个平台, 在选诗方面, 力求紧跟国际、主从兼容; 在诗人选择上, 敢于发现新秀; 在地域方面, 照顾全球性; 在译诗方面, 多为名家名译, 我本人也经常接受张智博士分配的任务。他追求精益求精, 使刊物成为了解国际诗歌写作生态、培养当代诗歌翻译名家的独一无二的平台。

在这个刊物上“供职”已经十年的客座总编颜海峰(笔名木樨颜), 出身书香门第, 受其身为乡村教师的祖父影响尤深, 自幼浸淫四书五经。他品学兼优, 为人正直, 诗情肆意, 干劲十足, 是一个罕见的优秀青年。他硕士期间师从已故典籍英译大家汪榕培教授, 进行过大量翻译实践, 培养了治学严谨的作风, 博士期间又拜入著名诗人、翻译家汪剑钊门下, 从事欧美诗学、美国诗歌的研究。他总能受到灯塔的引领, 行走诗歌美的光彩里, 逐渐成为一个多面手。他关心人与自然, 关心社会百态, 关注人生各个方面, 热爱人民, 热爱祖国的山山水水。他从事旧体诗创作 30 余年, 出版有《一页水山》(A Page of Rill and Hill), 也擅长新诗创作, 著有《残忍月光》(Cruel Moon), 其他原创诗歌和译作散见于《诗刊》《江南诗》等刊物, 近年来出版译诗集已经有 20 余种。他号召力极强, 2021 年起策划总编“东西文翰大系”, 仅仅一年已经出版了 20 多本图书, 涉及多个语种, 发行至数十个国家, 产生了不错的海外影响。

他在《国际诗歌翻译》实践的十年中积累了大量译诗, 先后发表于该刊, 今年天时地利人和, 他打算将其汇总后编纂成不同

主题或体例的译诗集出版，取得了刊物总编张智博士的授权之后他即邀请我担任总编，我很高兴。

译丛取名“木樨国际诗歌译丛”，所选诗歌及译文全部选自于其过去十年在《世界诗人》（2020年改名《国际诗歌翻译》之后的译诗未纳入选编范围）担任客座总编时承担的翻译，总量近万行，如果按诗歌字数计算的通行规则（每10行为1000字），这相当于百万之数。这些零零散散的诗歌既有英译汉，也有汉译英，长短不一，而译者都能熟练而传情地翻译，这自然与译者的诗歌原创能力和曾经大量的翻译实践有着紧密的关系。海峰是个集创作、翻译和编辑为一体的杰出青年诗人翻译家。

面对数量如此之巨、时间跨度如此之大、诗歌类型如此之杂的“诗料”，将其编撰成9本书并不容易。所幸，译者凭借其人脉优势迅速聚集起十多位编撰者，从高中教师到高校教授，从大学生到硕士生，每人各司其责，各选其题，仅仅3个月的时间，就让这一套译丛完成了定稿并陆续出版。效率之高不可谓不令人瞠目。需要强调的是，由于各自选题自有匠心，不同的选集会有一些相同的诗，这在所难免，也情有可原。如果硬性分割，互不重叠，恐怕难以体现编选者用心。优秀诗歌少量地同时编入不同名称种类诗集也属常见之态。

值得一提的是，这套丛书在美国亚马逊出版。众所周知，亚马逊网站发迹于图书，经过近30年的发展又回归图书，开拓了新式的图书出版模式，虽然尚不足以与兰登书屋等六大出版商为代表的传统出版业比肩，但也已经发出时代最强音。此次出版，是译者在出版策划方面的一次弄潮，也是其响应国家大政方针、

创新对外宣传方式、提高国际传播能力、主动塑造中国形象、发出中国话语声音的积极探索。

作为总编，能见证并监督这么一套丛书的出版发行，我深感责任之重大，因为这套丛书意义之深远。首先，这套书能展现译者的十年成长，从这些译诗中不难发现译者在译笔的流畅度和译词选择方面的演绎；其次，这套书能在某种维度展现过去十年国际诗歌写作的发展，虽然这些诗可能只是国际诗坛之一管；再次，据我所知，这可能是第一套当代中国中年翻译家的翻译自选集，而且还是一个精于诗歌写作和翻译的诗人翻译家的译文系列——这也是名师出高徒最好的诠释。最后，也证明《国际诗歌翻译》总编张智博士的培养能力，是他为海峰等一批青年译家提供了展示能力的平台并真正具有国际视野和情怀并授权翻译权还鼓励海峰出版个人作品“全集”。我把这套书推荐给读者，希望你于此中发现一颗恒久的诗心。

李正栓

于海龙花园

What are the latest development and produce of poetry in the world? Indeed, this is a pressing question for Chinese poets, since only a few of them could directly respond to a poem written in a foreign language, and in most cases, they have to read renditions of poems to gain some insight. Fortunately, quite a number of poetry periodicals run columns to introduce and transmit foreign poems via translations of them. However, it remains an arduous and almost impossible mission to represent the panoramic view of world poetry with only a pitiful few translated versions of the selected poems, some of which are not “contemporary” at all.

On this occasion, I felt compelled to give its due honor to *Rendition of International Poetry*, formerly known as *The World Poets Quarterly*, the only multi-language quarterly of modern poems translation in the world. Since its first issue released in 1995, the periodical has run over 106 issues in nearly 30 years, introducing more than 4,000 poets to the readers and offering 11,000 translated versions of poems in 200,000 lines of 20 million words. It was through the introduction of Dr. Zhang Zhizhong, I personally came to know the executive editor-in-chief Dr. Zhang Zhi and the guiding principle for him to initiate this quarterly—“eclectic” for his poetry selection, therefore he had rallied around him world class poets, translators and professors, including Dr. Yu Haitao, Dr. Choi Laisheung and Dr. Rosemary C. Wilkinson as the founding fathers for this periodical, and later he invited a galaxy of translators as guest editors, including Yang Chenhu (Yang Xu), Dr. Zhang Zhizhong, Yang Zongze, Madam Cherry, Yin Xiaoyuan, Haifeng Yan (Brent Yan), Dr. Tongtian Jianri, Shi Yonghao, Ma Tingting, Ding Liquan and Lin Qiao'er. So far, it has translated and published poem collections

by poets from over 30 countries and 400 poem selections in more than 20 languages, serving as an intersection for international cultural exchange by introducing Chinese poems abroad and poems in other languages to the Chinese readers as well. Meanwhile, this periodical is a launchpad for some Chinese poets to gain international recognition and some have won the national literary awards from Greece, Brazil, US, Israel, France, India, Italy, Austria, Lebanon, the Republic of North Macedonia, Kosovo, Bengal, India, *etc.* In poem selection, Dr. Zhang insists on publishing the most up-to-date poems by both renowned and new poets from a wide range of countries and regions and the periodical has been especially appreciated for promoting new poets. In poem translation, Dr. Zhang Zhi holds quality first principle, and most of the translations are done by renowned translators—I myself have often been assigned translation tasks directly by him. It is for his constant aspiration for the premium-quality poems and translations that this quarterly has developed into a unique platform for Chinese poets and translators to gain knowledge of the latest poem writing trends in the world and to hone their translating skills.

Serving as one of the guest editors, Prof. Haifeng Yan (pen-named Muxi Yan in Chinese Pinyin, English name Brent Yan or B.O.Y) was born to a family of a profound literary tradition. For the influence of his grandfather, a country teacher, at a fairly early age, he was exposed to the backbone of Chinese ancient classics, namely “the four books and five classics”, which had kindled his lasting interest in poetry and learning as a whole. Years later, this bright pupil of a scholarly grandfather grew into an upright, vigorous, and prodigiously gifted poet and scholar—it is very rare to have these shining qualities to be found collectively in one so young. In his postgraduate years for a MA degree, he had been trained by the late master translator of Chinese Classics, Prof. Wang Rongpei, with

whom, he had done a substantial amount of translation and developed a serious attitude towards it. In the DA phase, he had followed his famous poet translator supervisor Wang Jianzhao to delve deeper into the studies of European-American poetry, and American poetry in particular. If love of poetry is his “inner beacon”, he is always walking in the beam of it. Besides these scholarly influences, he draws heavily on life, both on social and natural levels- on the one hand, he has shown much interest in social events and try to approach them from different aspects and on the other, love of his people and land is born in his vein, nourishing him all the while. Till now, he had been engaged in traditional Chinese poetry writing for more than 30 years, and some of his traditional Chinese poems had been published in his poem collection *A Page of Rill and Hill*. He is also good at composing new poems, which are collected in *Cruel Moon*, and some single poem creations and translations are occasionally published in *Poetry Periodical*, *Jiangnan Poetry Periodical*, etc. Over the past 20 years, he had published 20 poem collections. In 2021, he planned and worked as editor-in-chief for an ambitious book series titled *Orient-Occident Lit Collection*(OOLC), for which—thanks to his charismatic leadership—he had gathered the most talented people in this field to publish over 20 books in a variety of languages in a dozen countries, exerting quite a positive impact on overseas readers.

On *Rendition of International Poetry*, Brent has published his poem renditions for ten years. In 2021, he thought it was the right time to compile these renditions into distinct poem translation collections based on themes or genres. After being authorized by the editor-in-chief Zhang Zhi, he invited me to be the editor-in-chief for his new poetry collection series, with which I gladly complied.

The translation series is titled *BOY Translation of International Poetry Series*, which will mainly publish poems and translated versions done in the past ten years when the periodical was still titled

The World Poets Quarterly. Excluding those published after the periodical changed its name, the translated works mount to nearly 10 thousand lines and 100 thousand words in total, if computed according to the general rule, that is, every ten lines in a poem is equal to 1,000 words. Taken into consideration the great diversity in length and form and shift in languages (from English to Chinese and *vice versa*), it is quite an accomplishment for a young scholar, a virtuoso, a professional editor and an outstanding poet-translator. What amazes me more is that Brent had all the talent, patience and passion to translate each line with great proficiency and accuracy, acquired through his poetry writing talent and voluminous translation practice.

However, it is not easy to sort out and edit these poems and renditions into 9 books due to their bulky volume, long span over time, and diversity in pattern. Fortunately, Brent could attract a dozen more editors to work with him. It is indeed a stellar team of scholars, ranging from high school to university teachers, bachelors and masters of arts. With each responsible for a specific theme and subject, these people, with a stunning efficiency, helped to edit and publish his books within three months. To best embody Brent's creativity in themes and genres choice, a few poems and translations are allowed to be anthologized in different books. It is actually quite a common practice in poetry collection editing.

As for the publishing agent—the American Publishing Inc., it is quite a success story in its field, an enterprising agency that endeavors to emulate the six traditional publishing giants, led by Random House. In 30 years of development, it has made a strong return to book publishing with more innovative ideas pertain to the modes of publication. Therefore, this series is a trend-setting attempt made by the editor-translator, an active step forward, echoing Chinese national promotion policies, to meet our needs for cultural transmission, to demolish the old and build a new Chinese image and to let our true

voice be heard.

To be an editor-in-chief is a huge responsibility, but it is also my honor to witness and supervise the publication of such a groundbreaking series, which is not only the fruition of a translator's ten years of hard work, but an encapsulation of world poetry innovations in ten years. As far as I know, this is the first translation selection of a contemporary middle-aged translator, and it best represents the author's great language proficiency and thorough understanding and ease in choice of diction in both SL and TL. The series speaks to the proverb, "Like a teacher, like a student", because it is a sort of "the laying on of hands" by a series of master translators, from whom Brent has gained a keen perception of poetry and translation. For example, Dr. Zhang Zhi, with a global view and broad mind, has authorized and encouraged him to publish his translation selection, after he had provided him an editor's platform in his periodical. I deem it my great honor to present this series to the reader, in the hope that all will be delighted to find a poetic mind as they read through the poems.

Dr. Li Zhengshuan

at Hailong Garden

Translated by Wu Chunxiao

不忘诗心，向译而生

诗，不可译。

然而，诗，一直在译。

汉诗不可译，不可让中国人来译。但是，中国人一直在译：他们不仅把英语诗翻译成汉语，还把自己的汉语诗，翻译成外文。20 世纪 80 年代，国内从事汉诗英译的人数，开始显增，当今尤甚。

据我小时候的记忆，国内很多诗刊，以发表中国诗人的作品为主；后来，偶然见到外国诗人诗作的汉语译文。而在过去的一、二十年里，一些诗刊开始辟出“汉诗英译”的栏目，这说明诗歌翻译的方向，从单向变成了双向：英诗汉译之外，增加了汉诗英译。英诗汉译，是外国诗歌的输入；汉诗英译，则是中国诗歌的输出。

高手在民间。好诗在民间。汉诗英译，中国诗歌走出去的工作，竟然也在民间。我记得大概十七、八年前阅读一本诗学专著，其中一句话令我兴奋：中国诗人为了让中国诗歌走出去，他们创办了一本《国际汉语诗坛》的诗刊。

之所以兴奋，因为《国际汉语诗坛》（又先后更名为《世界诗人》和《国际诗歌翻译》）正是我当时每期必译的一本诗刊。这本多语种混语版的诗歌季刊，由重庆诗人张智博士 1995 年创办，至今走过 27 个春夏秋冬。记得 2004 年冬，我偶然与张智博士通过邮件取得联系，虽不见面而“钟情”于彼此，从此开启了我数十年如一日的译诗之路。某日，到许渊冲先生家里拜访，他

说：“你与张智博士的合作，非常好！”遂聘先生为诗刊的艺术顾问。我与《国际诗歌翻译》，也如胶似漆，日渐情深而意浓。后来，办刊之外，张智博士又策划“世界诗人书库”和“帝国诗丛”，出版了大量的多语种诗集，由美国俄亥俄州环球文化出版社出版。27年来，《国际诗歌翻译》聚集或培养了一批诗的译者。主编张智博士倔而强之：为其翻译者，必定为诗人。

颜海峰博士就融诗人、译者、学者于一身，他已为《国际诗歌翻译》奉献十多年。而今，海峰博士将其在原《世界诗人》以往过刊中发表的译诗汇总整理，肩挑策划与统筹，邀集起一个十数人的编译团队，结集出版为“木樨国际诗歌译丛”，作为其主编的大型文学系列丛书“东西文翰大系”下的一个子集，并通过美国亚马逊出版集团全球发行——幸甚至哉！

巧了。我几年前跟张智博士说过，《国际诗歌翻译》已经多年，刊登了数不胜数的各国好诗，可以考虑出版精选系列。张智博士欣然，但由于资金短缺等问题，此事搁置下来。现海峰博士张罗此事，我闻之一喜，虽然只是将其一人的译作精选，却也是开了一个好头。译路同行者，其心也灵犀。

近年来，浏览英美出版的国际诗歌选集，偶然可见中国诗人之英文译作，倍感欣喜。

中国诗歌，正在走出去。愿我们
不忘诗心。愿我们
向译而生。

张智中

2022年3月10日凌晨

津门松间居

RECOMMENDATION

Faithful to a Poetic Heart, Connate with a Rendering Mind

Poem is untranslatable.

However, poem is always being translated.

Chinese poems are untranslatable, and can't be translated by Chinese people. However, Chinese people are always doing the translation: they not only translate English poems into Chinese, but also translate Chinese poems into foreign languages. From the 1980s, the number of people engaged in translating Chinese poems into English began to increase in China. And it is gaining stronger impetus nowadays.

According to my childhood memories, there were many domestic poetry periodicals at that time, mainly engaged in publishing works of Chinese poets; later, they would occasionally publish Chinese translations of foreign poems. In the last one or two decades, some poetry periodicals began to set up the column of "English Translation of Chinese Poems", which indicated that translation direction of poems had changed from one-way to two-way: in addition to Chinese translation of English poems, there was also English translation of Chinese poems. Chinese translation of English poems is the input of foreign poems; while English translation of Chinese poems is output of Chinese poems.

There are many unofficial masters, and there are many good poems that are deemed unofficial. English translation of Chinese poems, namely the project of promoting the go-out of Chinese poems, has been undertaken mostly by the unofficial. I remember a poetic monograph I read about seventeen or eighteen years ago, a sentence of which made me excited: In order to enable Chinese poems to go

out, Chinese poets issued a poetry periodical named *The Chinese Poetry International*.

I felt so excited because *The Chinese Poetry International* (which was then renamed *The World Poets Quarterly* before *Rendition of International Poetry*) was just one of the poetry periodicals that I partook the translation at that time for each issue. Edited by Dr. Zhang Zhi, a poet from Chongqing, from 1995, this poetry quarterly in multi-languages has survived for 27 years. I remember that in winter of 2004, I got in contact with Dr. Zhang Zhi via e-mail, we “fell in love” with each other though not meeting in reality, and from then on I started my persevering translation of poems for several decades. One day, when I called on Mr. Xu Yuanchong in his home, he said to me: “You and Dr. Zhang Zhi have made a very good cooperation!” Upon his words, I invited him on behalf of the magazine as art consultant to the periodical. I also became inseparable from the then *World Poets Quarterly*, nurturing even deeper love toward it. Later, in addition to establishing the periodical, Dr. Zhang Zhi also planned *The Book Series of the World Poets (Bilingual)* and *Book Series of the Empire Poetry*, and published many collections of poems in multiple languages in The Earth Culture Press, Ohio, USA. Over 27 years, *Rendition of International Poetry* has gathered or cultivated a batch of poem translators. Dr. Zhang Zhi the editor-in-chief adhere strictly to the principle: the translators of poems must be poets.

Dr. Yan Haifeng (Brent Yan, B.O.Y) is a poet, translator and scholar at the same time, and he has been dedicated to *Rendition of International Poetry* for more than a decade. Now, Dr. Yan makes summary and sorting of his translated poems published in the previous issues of *The World Poets Quarterly*, shoulders the planning and coordinating tasks, and sets up a compiling team of more than ten members, to publish them as *BOY Translation of International Poetry* in the form of collection, serving as a subset of a larger literary

series i.e. *Orient-Occident Lit Collection (OOLC)* to which he was the general editor, and publish them to the globe via Amazon Publishing—I'm delirious with joy!

What a coincidence. I have once said to Dr. Zhang Zhi several years ago that, our magazine has been existed for many years and has published numerous excellent poems from various countries, and it's time to consider publishing select series. Dr. Zhang Zhi agreed gladly, but this matter was laid aside due to shortage of funds and other obstacles. Now hearing that Dr. Yan is working on this, I feel very happy, and although he only selects his own translations, this makes a good start indeed. Those who engage in translation have alike mind in translation.

In recent years, when browsing international anthologies of poems published by the western world, we can occasionally see English translations of Chinese poems, toward which I feel very happy.

Chinese poems are going out. I hope we can—
always be faithful to a poetic heart. I hope we can
always be connate with a rendering mind.

Zhang Zhizhong

Early in the morning of March 10, 2022

Songjian Hut, Tianjin

翻译是一种信息的传递，亦即逐字逐句的沟通与交流。诗的翻译则是一个灵魂和另一个灵魂的拥抱。俄顷，一个新的灵魂因缘而诞生。随后，这新的灵魂便踏上了自己的求索之旅，在翻过一个又一个偶然的陡坡与沟坎之后，终于抵达某个必然的所在——那适宜的时间和地点。于是，它就不着痕迹地钻进读者的身体，开始了一种与翻译类似的传递，前述那热烈的拥抱遂得以复现，并最终催发了肉与骨、血与心脏在内部的变异与重组，由此铸造了又一个灵魂……

汪剑钊

2022年3月18日

育新花园

RECOMMENDATION

Translation is the transference of information, viz. a word-for-word communication and exchange. While the translation of poems is the embrace of a soul and another, after which a new soul is born thereupon. Then the new soul starts its own journey, climbing over steep slopes and ravines one by one, before arriving at some necessary being—the fitting time and location, where it'd sneak untraceably into the body of a reader to commence another transference like translation. The aforementioned embrace is thus reproduced and, in turn, it promotes the inner reforming and regrouping of bone and flesh, heart and blood, to forge another soul...

Wang Jianzhao

March 18, 2022

Yuxin Garden, Beijing

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时间的隐喻

[中国] 马科

没有表述的声音
如同匆忙走向饭局的中国人
所有的车都朝着同一方向
走向食欲的天堂
在扭曲的钟的表面
还有一道被苍蝇爬过的痕迹
无人擦洗

我能满足我选择的欲望吗
还是随着众人习惯的驱动
把这杯历史的老酒饮尽
我乐于天纵的才具跟随历史的方向前行
还是坐下来 静静地让时间回顾
回顾王朝的兴衰 失落者的隐逸

那些迷失的兔子
现在找到家了吗
他们已经跑了很久
我记得在 30 年前就已经起步
我给街头拉起我们熟悉的爱情曲调的老头
一元资产
为了赎回我们自身的良知与尊严





Metaphor of Time

[China] Ma Ke

The sound without expression
is just like a Chinese hurrying to his dinner
In the same direction, all the cars
make for the heaven of orexis
There is still a mark, left by a fly
on the surface of the twisted clock
remain uncleaned

Could I just fulfill my desire to choose
or be motivated by the habits of the public
to drink up the old wine of history
My great gift moves forward in the direction of history
Should I just sit down and let the time reflect quietly
the vicissitudes of empires and seclusion of those who lose

Those stray rabbits
who have been running for a good while
Have they found their home
I remember that they started thirty years ago
To the old man playing our familiar love tune in the street
I give one yuan as property
to redeem our own conscience and dignity

早已作别的父亲以养殖为业
准备了大量的干草
没有署名
也没有历史记载
为了牛与兔子
为了生活这不朽的轮子

叹息 在干草上跑动
似暂时找到栖息的家园

不可能我受到某种蛊惑而入驻人世
我在火中
尽量不走出燃烧的氛围
享受时间的烧烤趣味
因为时间并不富足
时间并不富足
不足以支付永生的多情





My long-departed father lived by cultivation
He prepared a mass of hay
without signing his name
and recorded history either
for the sake of cattle and rabbits
for the sake of the immortal wheel of life

The sighs are running on the hay
like they have for the moment found a home to rest in

It can't be that I was bewitched to reside
in this human world. I am in the fire trying best
as I can not to walk out of the burning atmosphere
and enjoying the flavor of being grilled by time
because time is not abundant
Time is not abundant
not adequate to pay the immortal passion

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 67 期）

走向黑暗

[中国]马科

创世纪的胚胎

我太需要这份厚重 怕轻了

容易迷失这人世 被有些微温的锋利句子刮走

重需要消磨 需要磨透父辈的老茧

礼之瓮中被盗窃一空的诗意与粮草

太需要这份厚重 那份远古云游八荒的黑

静坐异端的坟地 静待偶像冷却

独享这无限的空荡

独享鸟喙斧劈之前的苍茫

黑色的纯净

回归我 如母亲为我铺好的床

生命 并非活着的唯一道路

黑暗的入口处

我在回归的路上





Heading for the Darkness

[China] Ma Ke

The embryo of Genesis
I long much for the massiness for fear that if it is light
I would be easily lost in this world
or blown away by some tepid sharp sentences
Then I would need to fritter
to wear through the callus of our fathers
the poetic sentiment and provender stolen all away in the urn
of courtesy

I long much for the massiness
That roaming darkness in ancient times
the graveyard seated steadily
waiting patiently for the idol to cool down
The endless emptiness is enjoyed alone
The vastness before being pecked and axed is enjoyed alone

The black purity
returns to me like the bed mother made for me
Life is not the only way to live
At the entrance to the darkness
I am on my way to return

死亡少女向我走来
拎着盛满野菊花的篮子
召我去向诗歌之地 容我静心写作
她温婉的手还有我初恋的余香
那一拨羞怯的黄土 还没有学会大声的赞美

光荣的烈焰
点亮我的额头
活着的技术已十分娴熟
开始吧 从今天开始学习死亡





The Death Maid walks toward me
with a full basket of wild chrysanthemum
calling me to go to the land of poetry to write peacefully
The lingering scent of my first love
still remain in her gentle hands
The handful of shy earth
hasn't yet learnt how to praise loudly

The glorious blaze
lights my forehead
I am already very skilled in life
Let's start, start to learn about death from today

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 66 期）

我看到山里的清晨

[中国]林之云

蝙蝠用翅膀运走黑暗
另外一些鸟则衔来黎明

睡眠的屋子打开天窗
清晨降落
打开精致的薄纱
一个山乡女子
把院落的灰尘扫尽昨天

远处传来轻微的声响
跳动在溪边的石头和篱笆间

我将记住这样的时刻
鸟鸣从高处落下
滴落成细小的果实
这样的清晨和潮水
在初夏的河道里
一波一波送走南方的夜晚





I Saw the Mountain Morning

[China] Lin Zhiyun

With their wings the bats carried away the darkness
While the other birds bring the morning holding in the beak

The dormer to the bedroom is unclosed
And the morning falls
A country woman opens
The delicate white gauze
And the dust in the corners is swept back to yesterday

A faint sound carries from afar
Hopping on the stones by the creek and the fence

A moment like this is what I would commit to memory
The bird song falls from a height
Dripping into small fruit
A morning and tide like this
Send off the southern nights wave by wave
In the watercourse of early summer

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 78 期)

晚归

[中国]陈明

雨下的入口
我肩扛桂花的散乱
咳嗽一场疲惫
喧嚣飞的枯黄晚归

大厦工地
农民的锹挖出萤火虫
掩埋的主题
沦陷风中泥土

眼神
渗透路旁一道冷
有鱼群的布料
和洗衣机谋划一件梦

婴幼儿用品店收银处
交我的名字
前往唇红的括号里砍价
准备自己来世的尿片





Returning Late

[China] Chen Ming

By the entrance in the rain
I shoulder a scatter of laurel flowers
coughing out a frazzle
Returning late is the flying clamorous yellow

At the grand building-site
the shovel of farmer digs out the fireflies
The buried theme
occupies the earth in the wind

A glance
penetrates into the flash of cold along the road
The cloth of a shoal of fish
plots a piece of dream with the washer

In the shop for Infant, call my name
at the check-out
and go to bargain with the red-lipped bracket
I am to prepare the diapers for my eternity

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 61 期）

记性不好的冬天

[中国]陈明

门的把手

移植一块石头，和鸟类看齐

黑夜的记性

闯入空中阳台

等我也在申请一张可以飞行的签证

诗句绳扣

有猫头鹰闯入雪地里的爪痕

老天爷抬来担架

炒熟了房间

让一幅漫画失火

消防人员的河流

上岸一只裤脚，并抢救成活

缝补过的丛林边

我的头顶，排练的猴子

匆忙栓紧鞋带

捧着空巢里的指南针，辨认返乡的路





Forgetful Winter

[China] Chen Ming

The handle of the door
transplants a stone to be in line with the birds
The memory of the dark night
bursts in the balcony in the air
waiting also for me to apply for a flying visa

The poem knots
The prints left by an owl blundering into the snowfield
Here Heaven carries a stretcher
having fried a house
to set a cartoon on fire

The stream of the firefighters
A trouser leg lands and rescued to life
On the border of the patched jungle
Upon my head, monkeys doing rehearsal
Hurriedly I tie my shoelace
holding the compass in the empty nest
making out the way back home

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 61 期）

乡愁

[新加坡]史英

曾因故旅居万里程外他国
短暂岁月后
乡愁便悄然暗生
似丝千百缕
把我魂牵引回到遥远狮城——
那是我
诞生、成长的故土
每当一想起
眷恋之情顿起伏如潮
屡次拍响心之岸





Nostalgia

[Singapore] Shi Ying

A sojourn in another country far away from home
Gives rise to a secret nostalgic longing
Only after a short period of time passed
The nostalgia is just like the silk of thousand threads
Pulling my heart and soul back to the distant Lion city
Which is my homeland
Where I was born and raised
Everytime when I think of this
The nostalgic yearning would surge
And lap the bank of my heart again and again

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 77 期）

简单的场景

[中国]谷频

当你在风中远离黑暗的海洋
对于年代的宽厚，连鱿鱼的骨骼
也成为忠贞的读本，废弃的舢板
在浪花的床榻上醒着
而风暴的弧度足以摧毁航行
在无人可诉的时刻，我多想
一个人紧紧握住方向
但记忆却将美好的事实变成祭品

潮水的流速与飞翔的底色无关
无数怪异的鸟，把自己的巢
建在更深刻的海底，以寂静来迎娶繁星
他们的呼喊比命运更加模糊
谁点亮桅灯，让时间扣留了渔火
一根缆绳，就有一寸寸的思念裹在里面
我不怕衰老，也不怕孤单
热情虽在消逝，但对大海从不会厌倦





Simple Scene

[China] Gu Pin

When you are departing the dark ocean in the wind
for the leniency of the time, even the bones of the squid
would become a duteous reader, the deserted barge
is awake on the bed of spoondrift, while the radian of the
storm is big enough to smash the voyage
At this moment with nobody to speak to, I desire desperately
to hold firmly the direction on my own.
However, the memory turns the fine fact into sacrifice.

The tide velocity has nothing to do with the flying grounding
Numerous weird birds set up their nests
Profoundly deep down in the ocean, to marry the stars with
quietude. Their yell is dimmer than fate
Who lighted the headlight
allowing time to detain the fishing light
There would be yearn wrapped in the thick rope, inch by inch
I dare not to be old, to be lonely
Though my zest is wearing away
I will never be weary of the ocean

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 66 期)

羞惭

[中国] 凸凹

我朝前走去
迎面一条狗走来

我们之间的纵向距离越近时
横向距离越远

走过之后
我向后望了望

我看见那条狗正在回头
我们的目光碰到了一起

一下子，只是一下子
我们各自收回目光，并踟蹰着向前走去





Shame

[China] Tu Ao

Ahead I walk
Running face to face into a dog

The closer our lengthwise distance between us
The remoter our crosswise distance

Passing by him
I glanced back at the dog

Who happened to glance back at me
Making our eyes contact

One contact, only one contact
Was made before withdrawal
Then we continued tramp ahead

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 73 期）

达拉斯傍晚

[中国]无心慧眼

涂抹点 火
书写 淡淡的碧蓝

路灯 撑着象征的光
身体 散发圣洁的慈善

美人鱼 唱着 古老的歌谣
喝茶 吃饭 或者品禅

树枝 继续 挥舞无数触角
点缀着 自然的明暗

该回家了
天色 已晚





Evening of Dallas

[China] Wuxinhuiyan

Paint some fire
and write the light azure

Road lamps display symbolic light
The body radiates holy kindness

The mermaids sing an ancient lyric
drink tea, eat or taste a tint of Zen

The branches and twigs
continue to swag countless tentacles
weaving the natural brightness and darkness

Time to go back
It is late, dark

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 90 期）

彗星

[中国]李尚朝

彗星拖着长长的尾巴，在天空中飞
它不为别的，只为好玩儿
只为我们的乐趣与童贞

只为我们吃惊，只为我们梦
彗星，其实睡了，它貌似醒着
我们看一会儿，就不看了

但彗星它还是在飞，我们都睡了
它飞，是在另一个地方
与我们睡了，也并没有什么矛盾





Comet

[China] Li Shangchao

Comet flies in the heaven with his tail long behind
For no other reason but for amusing
And just for our joy and innocence

Also for amazing us and our dreams
He is sleeping actually but is awake in appearance
We look at him for a while, and then stop

But still Comet flies, and when we fall into sleep
He flies, only in another place
Which does not contradict the fact that we are asleep

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 89 期）

生活中的谜语

[中国]王猛仁

黄昏。我走进河堤
看见，月亮藏在云的后边
它的光很暗淡，眼前
一片漆黑，我迷了路
没有声响
只有二只孤独的鸟躲在树梢上
窃窃私语
我突然看见
一个草棚，闪着
一点微弱的光
看来，梦中的一切
不全是虚幻
我徘徊在茅屋的周围
默默地祝福
惊奇地感叹
多想唱一支牧羊曲
让南飞的大雁
述说生活中的
谜语……





Riddles in Life

[China] Wang Mengren

Twilight. I approach the riverbank,
to find the moon hiding behind the clouds.
Her light, so bleak. Before my eyes is
the dark of darkness in which I am lost
No sound. Except
the whispers of two lone birds standing on the treetop.

All of a sudden, I see
a straw shed, glimmering.
It is not all visional in a dream, it appears.
Around the shed I linger
praying in silence,
sighing in wonder.
How much I'd like to sing a pastoral
to let the swan geese flying southward
to tell the riddles
in life...

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 60 期)

雨天的瞳

[中国]薛武

踏着湿漉漉的大地
仿若养了两只淘气的猫咪

粘乎乎的
从头顶到脚底

抖落不了江南烟雨
就像耳边柔柔的故事

深邃的蓝色心空
它就这样单纯地看着我
和你





Pupil in the Rain

[China] Xue Wu

Stepping on the ground wet
is like keeping two naughty kitties

Sticky
From head to foot

No shaking off the mist and mizzle
in the South of Changjiang River
Soft stories whisper in the ear

It is looking at me and you just like this
From the deep azure skies

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 89 期)

夜的对抗

[中国]王长征

有很多这样的同类
在一个个静如坟墓的洞穴里
把温热的爱变成冷漠的蓝光
深夜的长途电话是暖的睡袋
总有装满唠叨的时候
各种社交软件在科技时代是一座座
热闹而又虚幻的岛屿
聚集着徘徊而寻找栖息的灵魂
他们在这里安家，吵闹
享受匿名时代最后的快感
云开雾散的时候
深秋的玉米将继续忍受
农人收割后荒地上发霉腐烂的记忆
或是由于对春天的渴望
借助鸟儿倾斜翅膀而落地
变成一颗继续挣扎的绿芽





Resistance of the Night

[China] Wang Changzheng

There are many of the kind
Changing warm love into cold blue light
In a cave so silent like a grave
The long-distance call in deep night
is a warm sleeping bag
Which would always be filled with chatter
All kinds of social software in this tech-age are but
Noisy and illusory islands
Where souls loiter and look for lodging
There they reside, quarrel and clamor
Enjoying the last pleasant sensation
of the anonymous age
When clouds disappear and fog disperses
The corns in late autumn will have to bear
The moldy and rotten memory on wasteland after harvest
Or they will, out of the yearning for spring
Fall to the ground when birds slant their wings
And become a green sprout
that goes on with the struggling

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 97 期）

安庆，安庆

[中国] 迪拜

此一刻
你是一个安庆的少年啊
你是一个北方的少年
某一日
你是一个安庆的男子啊
你是一个北方的男子
你给了我
安庆的一枚春叶
你给了我
北方的一片雪花
一枚春叶
我把安庆的天空铭记
一片雪花
再不能相忘北方的大地
春叶已萌芽
雪花已融汇
都已在我一条长长的河





Anqing, Anqing

[China] Di Bai

This moment
You are a lad of An Qing
You are a lad from the north
One day
You will be a man of An Qing
You will be a man from the north
Who would give me
A spring leaf of An Qing
You give me a snowflake of the north
A leaf of spring
I would memorize the sky of An Qing
A snowflake
No longer forget the land of the north
Where the spring leaf may have sprouted
And the snowflake already melt
All in the long rive of mine

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 77 期)

一辆开往秋天的绿皮车

[中国]谭凤

这是一辆绿皮车
绿吗？真绿
是一片生机勃勃的绿

我怀着绿的梦，上了车
我期待着车开往春绿
走着——
走着——
我看到了黄叶
我遇到了秋风
我面前是一潭死水
——死水上的是白肚鱼
我遇到的是黄昏
——是黄昏和满月的擦肩而过
——是失去
——是死亡
——是分散

我坐的不是一辆绿皮车吗
为什么我到达的却是秋天





A Green Train to Autumn

[China] Tan Feng

This is a green train
Is it green? Sure it is
It is a lush and live green

With a green dream I get on it
Expecting it to head for spring green
On it, however
While I am on it
I see yellow leaves
I run into autumn wind
Ahead of me is a pool of dead water
On which float fish with white belly
What I run into is dusk—an encounter
between the dusk and a full moon
—a lost
—a death
—a departure

Am I on a green train?
How come I am reaching autumn

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 86 期)

致海子

[中国]陈润言

黑夜的孩子流淌着黑色的血液
裤腿上沾着黑色的泥土
热爱夕阳，热爱空虚和死亡

十根指尖十滴海水
我嘴角咸咸的泪水是你灵魂的残片
我张开的双臂要拥抱的是你眼中的大海
在世俗中渴望依偎
在自我中向往孤独，极端的解脱
我也无法面对自己的身体
无心回忆把我陷入泥潭的经历
我是黑夜的孩子，土地的孩子，大海的孩子
和你一样

滚泥是无形铡刀
我要让它沾上海水
生命是孤独灵魂的尖锥
我要让它走过真实的悬崖





To Hai Zi

[China] Chen Runyan

The child of black night bleeds black
While his trouser legs are stained with black mud
He loves dusk, void and death

Ten fingertips, ten drops of sea water
The salty tears on my lips
are the remains of your soul
What my opening arms aim to embrace
is the ocean in your eyes
I yearn for somewhere to nestle in the mundaneness
In my ego I seek extreme freedom from solitude
I can not face my body anymore
Neither do I intend to recall the memories
of sinking into mire
I am the child of black night, land and ocean
same as you

Rolling mud is an invisible chopper
I want it to be splashed by sea water
Life is the sharp awl of a lonely soul
I want it to ascend and descend true cliff

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 86 期）

百年之后

[中国]朱立坤

一棵
穿过喉咙的
枳壳树
代替我
衰败的躯体
继续呼吸
在它上边
一群熟睡的斑鸠
放大了今夜
歌唱的寂寞

爱和痛
只是远方幽暗的星辰





Anthem

[China] Zhu Likun

A citron
that pierces
my throat
continues its breath
in place of my
ruined body
upon which
there is a flock of sleeping culvers
magnifying the singing loneliness of tonight

Love and pain
are just the stars in the distant darkness

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 66 期）

逝

[中国]朱立坤

山东曲阜
一条溪流的岸上
孔仲尼的
第一百代孙子
匆忙地走过
沐浴过二千多年
太阳和鲜血的溪水
轻轻嘅叹
逝者如斯夫

我的心也在轻轻太息
给白昼以一大碗黑夜的骨髓
给黑夜以一小杯白昼的鲜血





Eclipse

[China] Zhu Likun

On the bank of a stream in Qufu, Shandong
The 100th grandson of Confucius
passes quickly the brook
that has been bathing for two thousand years
in the sun and blood
sighing softly:
How time elapses like the flow

My heart too is sighing softly
Give the day a big bowl of night's marrow
Give the night a small cup of day's blood

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 67 期）

黑色的光

[中国]魏鹏展

这是一个黑色的世界
我用黑色的光
寻找黑色的前路
黑色的手不能停下来
阴冷的黑洞里
我最怕没有声音的黑色
这是一个不需时钟的世界
但我知道看不见的时间
咳嗽声的回音
告诉我该吃药了
我用黑色的光
寻觅没有颜色的小药丸





Dark Light

[China] Wei Pengzhan

This is a dark world
Where I seek for the dark forward road
With dark light
And the dark hand cannot cease
I fear most in the dark and dank hole
The darkness without any voice
This is a world devoid of the need for a clock
But I know the invisible time
The echo of that cough
Tells me to take my medicine
So with the dark light
I seek for the little colorless pill

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 72 期）

回到……

[中国]杨晓萌

天空遥远
像是被孩子想象出来
像多年前住过的那栋房子
一切随着词语生长
不善于记忆的眼睛里
全是金子

但，光是一堵厚厚的墙
如同所有真正的墙
自然，安全，不容置疑

你躺下，像一朵花
我们感觉到这是一个葬礼
有什么在开放
如果你醒来，会说：
那是谁





Back to...

[China] Yang Xiaomeng

The sky stretches far
As though it is the children's fancy
Or that flat which had been dwelt in years ago
All are growing with words and terms
The eyes that are not skilled in memory
Brim over with gold

Light, however, is a thick wall
Like all the real walls
It is natural, safe and indisputable

Lying down there, you are like a flower
We sense a funeral out of this
And something is blossoming
You would ask if you wake up—
Who is that

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 70 期)

生日

[中国]王爱红

我说送你鲜花也没有送
我说和你吃面条也没有
吃面条这可是个老风俗
我也没有祝你生日快乐
你的生日都过去好几天了
今天，我才想起
我们只是笑笑
你并不怨我
我也没有丝毫歉意





Birthday

[China] Wang Aihong

I said I'd give you flowers, yet I didn't
I said I'd have noodle with you, yet I didn't
And eating noodles is a custom
I didn't either celebrate on your birthday
Which has passed for days
Before I realize it today
We just smile it away
You don't blame on me
I neither apologize for it

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 97 期）

药镜

[中国]王德席

在那烛光四起破碎的镜片里
小心地捡起
那些炊烟、牛哞、狗吠、蛙鸣
雁声和芦苇、桑葚
风声、雨声、读书声
或有影像的碎片割破我的手
我依然把它们拼接、集聚
让我那双茫然无辜的眼睛流下的泪水
不，这是在白茫茫的爱中
梦见露水，梦见故乡的证词

以心为境，以药为证，以史为鉴
心痛的爱着，就像
我从没有抛弃过上帝
花开旷野的山河
一瓣一瓣数着自己
我让她们一朵一朵有个家
今夜，又被月亮咬了一口



Dreaming

[China] Wang Dexi

In the broken mirror forth burst the candle lights
Those cooking smoke, cow mooing, dog barking
frog croaking, wild goose singing
And reed and mulberry and wind and rain and reading
Are carefully picked up
Some of the broken pieces with reflective images
cut my hand yet
I still collect them and piece them together
And let my vacant eyes shed innocent tears
No! This is my dreaming of the dew
and the testimony of homeland
In the blank and misty love

Take the heart as realm, medicine as testimony,
history as a mirror
Love in pain, just like
I had never abandoned God
The mountains and rivers brimming with flowers
Are counting themselves petal after petal
With which I make them each a home
Tonight, I am bitten by the moon yet again

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 83 期)

安静地哼歌，安静地养蚕

[中国]李美坤

记不记得那些年
母亲背着你采桑回来
在簸箕边，哼唱的童谣

记不记得母亲的黑辫子上
你的鼻涕，和草屑
还有你小手中旋转的风车

记不记得深夜的油灯下
母亲安静地盯了一眼蚕
仍在穿针引线……

记不记得那些蚕
好像永远也吃不饱
一点一点，吞噬着母亲的岁月





Hum and Raise the Silkworm

[China] Li Meikun

Do you remember in those years
the ballad mother hummed by a winnowing fan
after plucking the mulberry
leaves with you on her back

Do you remember your snivel
the straw bits on the black braids of mother
and the pinwheel twirling in your hands

Do you remember in the oil lamp light
at midnight mother glanced at the silkworm
and went on with her sewing...

Do you remember the silkworms
It seemed that they'd never be fed up
and inch by inch they gnaw away mother's life

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 83 期)

夜的断章

[中国]木樨颜

黑夜，才是时空的王
所有的时间和空间沦陷了
无所谓方向
这时候才知道
你是最耀目的星光
深坠，没入我无边的痴狂





Fragment in the Night

[China] B.O.Y

The dark night is indeed the king of time and space
Which are all submerged in it
Without slightest direction
This is when I start to realize
You are the most shining star
Falling, sinking into my boundless obsession

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 97 期）

岁月

[美国]徐英才

熔炼过
于是
像燧石般
刚硬灵性
越是敲打
越是迸出
火花





Time

[USA] Xu Yingcai

Time-tempered
Therefore
Like a flint
Hard and intelligent
The more struck
The more it
Sparks

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 90 期）

秘密

[中国]左右

那些死去的人
实际上他们还隐秘地活着

自从我知道了他们的名字
他们就一直跟着我

天还没亮，我就看到了他们
我赶上去，欢喜地看见很多星星被划来划去
变成火柴

他们划了一根
又点了一根
香烟在树上慢悠悠地吸着

他们跟我说了几句话就不见了





Secret

[China] Zuo You

Those dead people
they actually are still alive secretly

Ever since I knew their names
they had been following me

Long before daybreak, I saw them
So I hurried up, finding happily so many stars flying
and changing into matches

They strike matches one after another
The cigarettes burning casually on the tree

They talked a few words with me and then vanished away

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 84 期）

命

[中国]左右

我挖了一个坑。挖了一会儿
看着它
又把它埋上。我为命运埋下的纸钱
没有人会知道



Fate

[China] Zuo You

I dug a pit. I had been digging it for a while
Then I looked at it
and filled it again. No one knows
what I buried for my fate

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 84 期）

明天将出现什么样的词

[中国]安琪

明天将出现什么样的词
明天将出现什么样的爱人
明天爱人经过的时候，天空
将出现什么样的云彩，和忸怩
明天，那适合的一个词将由我的嘴
说出。明天我说出那个词
明天的爱人将变得阴暗
但这正好是我指望的
明天我把爱人藏在我的阴暗里
不让多余的人看到
明天我的爱人穿上我的身体
我们一起说出。但你听到的
只是你拉长的耳朵





What Word will Appear

[China] An Qi

What word will appear tomorrow
What kind of love will appear tomorrow
When my love passes by tomorrow,
what kind of clouds and bashfulness will appear in the sky
Tomorrow, out of my mouth that appropriate word will be
spoken. I will enounce that word tomorrow
and my love tomorrow will become gloomy
which, however, is what I am expecting
I will hide my love tomorrow in my gloom
allowing no unwanted people to see
Tomorrow my love will put on my body
we will say it together. But what you hear
is just your stretched ears

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 66 期）

今晚的月光

[中国]林之云

今天是一个古老的日子
今夜的天空长满雪白雪白的胡须
今晚只有李白和苏轼们
在看不见的高处唱歌
他们杯中的酒 溢出来
打湿流浪者的眼睛

轻手轻脚的月光
今晚步履沉重
在故乡的屋顶行走
母亲从梦里起身 念叨着
把一件御寒的秋衣
披在我遥远的心上

窗外
到处是月光洁白的羽毛
今晚，所有的河流
都朝家的方向淌去
无数的乡愁
都堵塞在去月亮的路上





The Moonlight of Tonight

[China] Lin Zhiyun

Today is an ancient day
Tonight snow-white beard comes out from the sky
when in the evening
there'd be only Li Bai and Su Shi
singing at a high place not visible to man
Their wine flows over the cup
moistening the eyes of the itinerants

The usually light moonshine
walks heavily tonight
on the roof of childhood home
Mama is getting up from dream, muttering
and throwing a coat over my distant heart
to keep me warm

Outside the window
are the white feathers of the moon
All the rivers of tonight
are flowing in the direction of home
and countless trains of nostalgia
jam up the road to the moon

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 80 期）

时光之风

[中国]曹有云

时光之风
从不可知的远方吹来
吹落了我的头发
我的牙齿
吹瞎了我的眼睛
吹干了我的皮肤、血液和骨头
然后
穿堂而过
吹向远方，更远方





The Wind of Time

[China] Cao Youyun

The wind of time
Comes from a mysterious distance
Cutting off my hairs
Loosening my teeth
Dimming my eyes
Drying up my skin, blood and bones
Before
Going through the hall
To a farther distance

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 91 期)

Everyday Pain

[Poland] Sebastian Nowak

Day by day
I can hear
only one scream
in my old head:

Move your life!
Move your brain!
Don't be lazy!
Don't be crazy!

Please, leave me alone
on the path near my end
I haven't got normal, red blood
only water
only dry water





每日的苦痛

[波兰] 塞巴斯蒂安·诺瓦克

一天又一天
我只能听见
我陈旧的脑壳里
一声叫喊：

奋起你的人生！
动起你的大脑！
不要懒惰！
不要疯癫！

拜托，请别烦我
在我即将到达终点的路上
我还未达到常态和热血
只有水
只有干水

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 67 期)

Paiting

[Poland] Sebastian Nowak

Look at my world
black and white colours
paint my soul
using fresh rainbow
and drop of water
from God's eye





喷绘

[波兰] 塞巴斯蒂安·诺瓦克

看一看我的世界吧
黑白两色
喷绘了我的心
用鲜丽的彩虹
还有上帝眼中的
一滴泪

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 67 期)

And When I'm Lonely

[Tunisia] Sassi Fathi

And when I'm lonely

I open at the poem's door thousand of windows,

And make my shadow on the outstanding mirrors,
in the eyelid of a mysterious wave.

With a smile valid for life,

because the dominant worry of the breed

flirts with me,

to establish the dream's law in the forgotten streets.





当我孤独时

[突尼斯] 萨西·法特西

当我孤独时
我于诗的门口打开千扇窗
在那神秘波浪的眼睑之下
投我的影子在那卓绝的镜像
以一展对生活有效力的笑容
在遗忘的街道上创建梦境的规章
只因那一贯的担忧把我挑逗

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 90 期）

Layer by Layer

[Austria] Kurt F. Svatek

You're peeling an onion layer by layer,
But it still stays the same
All the way through.
With the onion it's so much less difficult
Than it is with people.

There's no use
In ridding yourself little by little
Of all the unnecessary sentences,
Of all the unnecessary words,
Of all unnecessary thoughts.

There's no use
In composing a new symphony,
Painting a picture, writing poetry
Or freeing a great sculpture
From the block of stone in which it's held captive.

And in even staying calm
In the face of the assailant.
For not to forget,
We're all Cain's,
Not Abel's descent.





一层又一层

[奥地利] 库尔特 F. 斯瓦泰克

你一层一层地剥开圆葱
一直剥下去
它还是那个样子
相比剥圆葱 剥开人的
外衣却不是那么容易

不必要的言辞
不必要的话语
不必要的神思
将其统统从你剥离 都没有用

新谱一曲交响曲
作一幅画，写一首诗
或者将一尊禁锢于坚石底座的
伟大雕像解放 也都没有意义

即使面对来袭的人
也能镇定自若
因为我们不会忘记——
我们是该隐的
而不是亚伯的后裔

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 88 期)

The Cradle-Song

[Poland] Jerzy Grupiński

Sleep

when the throb of the city
deafens the wind
and chestnuts beat dully
into a skeleton of a mole
under the asphalt ground





摇篮曲

[波兰]杰西·格鲁宾斯基

安睡
当城市的悸动
震聋了穿行的风
板栗也掉落 沉闷地打进
柏油路面之下的
一个鼯鼠的骸骨中

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 67 期)

Flowing Hair

[Slovakia] Károly Fellingner

Christmas approaches slowly by sleigh,
I got a kink in my hair while sleeping,
then I crept in stealthily among
the disheveled lines, reading
our sole daily paper, in which
the small kid wearing large boots
is already outside of the fence, he received
good and bad, he was born out of
fear, just like the redeeming memory
and as I noticed our well-known
politician in the paper, I forgot
the dream that I had had,
and whether it was good or bad.





飘发

[斯洛伐克] 克洛伊·费灵杰

圣诞节乘雪橇悄然将至
昨晚酣睡我的头发卷曲散乱
于是我偷偷起身，钻进
这些凌乱的曲线，读着
我们唯一的日报，上面
写着小家伙穿好大大的靴子
已经守候在栅栏外边。他
迎接善恶，在恐惧中降诞
就像那回撤的记忆一般
我还在上面发现了我们熟知
的那位政治家，这时我忘了昨晚
做的梦，到底是恶还是善

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 86 期）

Parnassus

[Slovakia] Károly Fellingner

My primary school deskmate lies out there,
in the cemetery, the poor fellow, homeless
even in his grave, my high school deskmate,
a thriving monumental mason measures me
with his eyes at our thirty-year
class reunion, meanwhile, death turns out
to be biased, idle, he knows the meaning
of life, so he sponges on the past biting
its own tail, as does the present
on unspoken words.





巴那塞斯山

[斯洛伐克] 克洛伊·费灵杰

我小学的同桌躺在那里
在那坟墓里，可怜的家伙，即便
在阴间也无家可归。我高中的同桌
一个家大业大的泥瓦匠，用双眼
打量着我，在我们毕业 30 周年
聚会上，这时候，似乎死神
太偏颇、懒惰，他知道生命的
价值，他才死乞于过去
反噬自己的尾巴，就像现在
百赖于未发的言语

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 86 期）

Hushed

[Belgium] Dominique Hecq

Light pours down
the unrelenting sky
to earth ribbed and ridged
with the tough stroke
of Drysdale's brush

I track down words
for hues and shades in books
envy the skill of artist-explorers
who forged new ways of seeing

The cries of crows fall

Through blues onto rusty ochres
pulsing with dust ravens

This place stills my tongue





缄默

[比利时]多米尼克·赫克

光 以德斯代尔画笔
粗犷的线条
从无情的天空
倾泻到
脊条壑壑的大地

我在书中探求
色调和阴影的词语
羡慕那些创造全新洞察方式的
艺术探索者的技艺

乌鸦的啼声

穿过忧郁，散落在锈迹斑斑
搏动着尘鸦的赭石上

此地，让我哑口无言

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 91 期)

I Wanted to be a Sun

[Ukraine] Vira Shulgan

I wanted to be a Sun
But there's no sun at night
That's why I decided to run
And follow the evening light
I wanted to be a Moon
But life then would be too short
And I changed my mind soon
Decided to be a spot
I wanted to be a Sea
To visit a beautiful beach
To feel its beauty and see
That Poor is richer than Rich
I wanted to be a Tree
Enjoying the kisses of rain
And listen the melody
Of nearby passing train
I wanted to be a Stone
To feel the embraces of wind
To be a number of phone
Of someone who isn't 'hind'
I wanted to be a Kiss
A passion one, you know
In such case lovers would miss





我曾想变成太阳

[乌克兰]维拉·舒尔甘

我曾想变成太阳
但夜晚并没有太阳
于是我决定
跟着夜色逃亡
我曾想变成月亮
但人生将会苦短
于是我改变志向
决定成为一个斑点
我曾想变成海洋
去造访美丽的海滩
去感受其魅力并见证
贫穷要比富裕慷慨
我曾想变成一棵树
以歆享雨水的亲吻
并聆听驶过的火车
扬起旋律在我身旁
我曾想变成一块石头
去感受风的拥抱
把一个不是农夫的
人的电话按键拨响
我曾想变成一个吻
一个热烈的吻，那样
恋人们就会热吻

The way they wanted to go
I wanted to be a Star
But then I would be alone
'Cause Sky from the Earth is too far
I would be the same cold stone
I wished a lot me to be
But changes wouldn't change me
So why do I make tries to lie?
If being none I'll definitely die...





恰如他们心之所向
我也曾想变成一颗星
但那样我将孤单
天地遥远，我就成了
一块冰冷的石头那样
我想化身千万
但变化并不能把我改变
那我为何要撒谎
我若成他我必亡

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 83 期)

His and Hers

[USA] Nancy Cavers Dougherty

Tin baths
one steamed to stars
one cooled to Mars

twinned
as olive-branched grins

handheld silence

moon rising
Great Owl hoot

scoop of etched
wing reflects

a cusp of leaf

tender as a plaid
of words
yet swumx





他的和她的

[美国]南希·卡佛·多尔蒂

两只浴缸
一只热气蒸腾 入云霄
一只沉着凉爽 如火星

胞孪生
恰如橄榄枝的 露齿笑

握于手中的 静默

月亮 升起
大雕鸮开叫

蚀刻成勺的翅膀
反射出光

叶子的尖

娇嫩如言辞
做成的披肩
却又游弋而去

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 90 期）

Full Moon

[USA] Kaye Voigt Abikhaled

mirror moon

shard sharp

sleepless nights three

Peer Gynt's asylum

grey haunts invoking

I nudge inmates

in tight circle dance





满月

[美国] 凯·沃伊特·阿比哈莱德

明月
如破碎的镜子般锋利

不眠之夜，三个
佩尔·金特的庇护所

阴暗的场所

我轻推着被收容的人
在狭窄的圈子里起舞

（原译载于《世界诗人》总第 91 期）

Location

[Germany] Nora Bossong

We live in a city without a river, there are
Borders here made only of wind
Or rainshowers. At night
This frightens my sister, but in our house
There is no weeping, perhaps
It would help her, perhaps it would drive her
Over the edge. It is frosty
In her voice. If distances could be described
Without rivers, at least the ideas
Would be sustainable: No one
Comes near our house and we haven't
Seen our parents for years.
But there is no rest, this city is
Like remaindered snow in March. Only the wind,
which drives the rain into its shape,
hints at a city limit. Our house remains
locked in ice and vanished.





居所

[德国] 诺拉·博松

我们住在一个没有河流的城市，只有
风或阵雨才勾勒出
它的边界。黑夜
让我妹妹感到恐惧，但在我们屋里
并没有哭泣，也许
哭泣对她有益，也许哭泣
会使她发疯。她的声音
冷若冰霜。如果距离可以不用河流
描述，至少这个想法
站得住脚：没有人
靠近我们的小屋，我们
父母也已多年未见
然而这座城依然无休无止
仿佛三月残雪。只有风
将雨塑成它的形状
在城市的尽头暗示。我们的小屋依然
为冰所覆，消失其中。

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 91 期)

This Morning

[Brazil] Irenice Martins

I woke up with my love by my side.
I felt a delight

Your breath
the scent of herbs
invading my window.

With body on fire
I was taken by his arms
when the sun
was burning in
the crack of the door.

Delicia be loved
in the early hours
day.





今晨

[巴西]艾琳奈斯·马丁斯

我醒来，身旁是我最爱的人
怎能不开心

你的呼吸
如药草般香
来侵越我的窗

我陷入他的臂膀
那如烈焰的身体
就像太阳
在房门的燃烧中
劈啪作响

迪丽莎之爱
在每一日的
晨曦时光

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 83 期)

The Dead of Sirens

[Russia] Katya Ganeshi

Over the world of the dead of Sirens
The dragonfly are hovered with passion —
And the Minotaur, having left captivity,
He is fine: neither is the good, nor is the evil.

Over the world of the dead of Sirens
The thread of Ariadne are twinkled —
The light and the pitiful decay
Already it is impossible to connect.

Over the world of the dead of Sirens
A Life won't tie up more a knot:
And the Monster damned — is blessed,
And on his face — a tear.





塞壬之死

[俄罗斯]卡佳·加涅什

蜻蜓热切地盘旋
于塞壬之死的世界——
还有人身牛头的迈诺托，逃脱了囚禁
他一切都好：既非善，亦非恶

在塞壬之死的世界
阿里阿德涅之线在闪闪发光——
那光线以及不幸的堕落
已然无法连接

在塞壬之死的世界
生命不会系成一个结
而被诅咒的妖怪却被保佑着
在他的脸上——一滴泪落

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 82 期)

The Last Soldier

[Romania] Dragos Barbu

There's burning the air and the bullets whistle
hundreds of shells gage the death...

there's fire, tumult and cold
in the no man's land.

And the last soldier
bearing the jungle's green moss
with mud on his temples
and lightning under eyelids
approaches.

And he will always pass
into another realm
beyond the razor wire
of this world
carrying the slag
of all the useless victories.

But however
we will hear the echo
of his words:
"Nothing is over"!





最后的战士

[罗马尼亚]德拉格斯·巴布

子弹嗖嗖 硝烟弥漫
千百颗炮弹以死亡做赌
在这无人的疆域，全是
战火、狼藉和阴寒
最后的战士
挟带一身丛林青苔
粘着一脸泥巴
迎着眼底闪掠的火光
向前 向前 向前
他 总会踏进
另一片疆土
裹挟着这无谓的胜战
燃烧的余烬
穿过这块领地的
铁丝栏
但是，不论怎样
我们总能听到他声音的
回响——
“一切尚未完结！”

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 61 期)

Nourishment of the Soul

[Brazil] Wilson de Oliveira Jasa

Poetry is the nourishment of the soul
which flows from the heart with emotion
it has beauty and enchantment as well as magic
and makes us to live with inspiration.

It is the nourishment of the soul which irradiates,
and feeds the thirsty of passion
and makes it stronger night and day
supporting the being with amplitude.

We can live verse by verse,
in harmony and peace with the Universe
and feel the pleasure of selected love.

Love Poetry has noble value
it is the strength of the Poet's soul
which feeds the body and the soul completely.





心灵的营养

[巴西] 威尔逊·奥莉薇娅·贾莎

诗歌是心灵的食粮
从心底饱蘸感情溢出的诗行
它美丽，它迷人，它像魔法一样
它让我们倍受鼓舞着成长

它是心灵的营养，心灵也把它照亮
激情疲惫了，心灵来喂食
还让诗一天天变得茁壮
而生命也因此越发宽广

我们可以以诗为生
我们可以与宇宙和平消长
感受着天择友爱的欢畅

情诗无价而高尚
灌注诗人的心灵以力量
并将诗人的身心同时滋养

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 78 期)

Idol

[Russia] Lara Ayvazyan

Why do I think of you,
After all, you do not know me.
You are an episode in my life,
To flesh so bright, you will disappear!
Destiny is a decent benchmark,
And you will be heard by crowd,
Talent shines like a sapphire
Not brilliant, but powerful.
You are celestial, you are the hero,
Who knows honor and glory,
My knight, my unloved,
I will not be your fun!
And yet, here is a flight!
You become more open,
And if the soul still sings,
I exist, I live!





偶像

[俄罗斯] 劳拉·拉瑞莎

我为何会念起你
毕竟，你并不认识我
你是我生命中的一段插曲
终会消失，即便曾经鲜丽
天命是雍容的标尺
凡俗也会听到你的言语
天资像一颗蓝色宝石闪烁
虽不耀目，却也无匹
你是天神，你是英雄
知晓荣耀与光荣
我的勇士，孤独的勇士
我不会是你的玩娱
然而这儿仍有一次飞翔
你变得更加宽容
如果心灵还在歌唱
我就会存在，我就会呼吸

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 87 期)

Odyssey

[Armenia] Eduard Harents

We ate poetry,
smoked silence
with a cup of coffee,
we got away from death
chewing colors,
but still we are gazing
at the word...





奥德赛

[亚美尼亚]爱德华·海伦茨

就着一杯咖啡
我们吃掉诗歌
抽着沉默
我们躲过了死亡
把色彩咀嚼
但是我们仍面对
那些话语凝视着

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 75 期)

The Problem

[Cyprus] Rubi Andredakis

The easy solution would be,
To flee!
To avoid confrontation
Easy relaxation!

The hard solution would be
To stay and buzz like a bee;
To insist,
And persist.

To hold your moral principles tight,
To decide, before the plight
Upon Life,
To offer with love some joy, - this is not a strife-...

The performance upon stage will end,
The ice will melt, and
Only the echo will remain behind,
Just to chase your spirit and mind!





问题

[塞浦路斯] 路比·安德达基斯

最容易的解决之法应是
逃离
避免冲突
缓和情局

即便难以解决，也可以
像一只蜜蜂那样落下
坚决
而执意

恪守你的道德准则
在生活的困苦降临
之前，做出判断
奉献快乐与爱——这并非分歧

台上的演出即将终结
冰雪也快消融
只留下回响彼伏此起
去追寻你的梦想吧！

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 90 期)

Deathday

[Nigeria] Uzor Maxim Uzoatu

Before Genesis and the kiss of genius
On the cretin of creation,
I died a chequered death
In the bewitching womb
Of the country of the tomb,
Home of wounds and wakes
And the nightmares between,
Foretold in elegy of folk memory
And the mirage of image
By the oracle of Agama at Okorokoro
Bearing iconic mementos
Of stillbirth and cot death
Across the ghastly waste
Of a desolate homeland.





歿日

[尼日利亚] 乌祖尔·马克西姆·乌左阿图

在创世纪之前，在守护神亲吻
他造出的傻子之前
我就已死去 难辨荣辱
在那坟墓的国度之
令人魅惑的子宫里
满目疮痍的家园和觉醒
以及周旋其间的噩梦
民间记忆里的挽歌已预言
连同影像的浮想
奥寇罗寇罗的长尾蜥蜴做出谕示
背负着胎死腹中和夭折于
襁褓的圣象遗物
穿过那荒废家园的
不寒而栗的废墟

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 91 期)

A Dance of Bullets

[Saudi Arabia] Raed Anis Al-Jishi

If out of passion I strained my heart,
it doesn't matter.

You crossed each alley
of my inner streets -
mirrored the dream
running through my veins,
and from my garden, plucked,
the love grown
from a pear tree.

If I offer you roses
distilled from my blood
and if, in your honor
I play the anthem of salvation
with my heart's beats,
it doesn't matter.

Home,
it doesn't matter.
It doesn't matter if
all you could offer me is
a dance of bullets.





子弹之舞

[沙特阿拉伯]阿拉德·安尼斯·阿尔·吉斯

如果因为激情，我抻伤了自己的心
这并没有什么
你穿过我心中街道的
每一个巷子——
映现那从我花园
流动于我血脉的梦境
从一棵梨树上
摘下爱情

如果我给你
由我血液萃取的玫瑰
如果为了你
我以自己的心跳
弹奏救赎的赞歌
那也没有什么

家园
那也没有什么，如果
你所能提供给我的不过是
子弹的飞梭

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 97 期)

A Lobster

[Turkey] Emre Şahinler

My languages departs heavily from now on
because the summer has not crossed over my back instead of
the mules heavily burdened
I recognized all while passing through Babylon
my hands did not touch the dead swallows stuck in my tongue
I passed through the solitude of rivers
a live lobster wrapped the whole fever of my youth
when I seduced the city with the brass band sounds
scarlet pains in my forehead
echoes of bombing ready to set the sky on fire..
my ravens have declared their independence
welcome!
this is the republic of skinny states...





一只龙虾

[土耳其]埃姆雷·沙欣莱尔

此刻起语言离我而去
因为夏日没有跨越我的脊背
唯独那些满是重载的马骡
穿过巴比伦的时候，我认出了这一切
我没有伸手触碰那些死燕，它们堵在我的口舌
我穿过河流的孤独
一只活着的龙虾包裹起我青春的狂热
当我以军乐队的乐声引诱这个城市
猩红隐隐作痛于我的前额
爆炸声的回响随时要把天空燃起烈火
我的乌鸦已然宣布独立
欢迎！
这是羸瘦城邦的共和国

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 85 期)

Illusions

[Greece] Dimitris P. Kraniotis

Noiseless wrinkles
on our forehead
the frontiers of history,
shed oblique glances
at Homer's verses.
Illusions
full of guilt
redeem
wounded whispers
that became echoes
in lighted caves
of the fools and the innocent





幻想

[希腊] 季米特里斯·克伦阿蒂斯

无声的皱纹
布满额头
历史的边界
睥睨着
荷马的诗篇

那无知和无邪的人的
洞穴 灯火通明
创伤的耳语
在此回响
被 满是愧疚的 幻想
救赎

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 62 期)

Ideals

[Greece] Dimitris P. Kraniotis

Snow-covered mountains,
ancient monuments,
a north wind that nods to us,
a thought that flows,
images imbued
with hymns of history,
words on signs
with ideals of geometry





理想

[希腊] 季米特里斯·克伦阿蒂斯

雪山
古迹
北风 向你我点头
思想 奔涌不已
影像浸透
伴随历史的颂歌
言辞刻划
连同几何的理想

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 62 期)

Paradox Is Life

[India] N V Subbaraman

PARADOX thy name sure is LIFE
Intelligence as sharp as knife
Yet, knows not what is right and wrong
Prejudices are high and strong!
Music so dear to her heart
Turns to be a head ache of sort
Sweetness she likes becomes sour
Scent of jasmine the great flower
Which she loves and wears a plenty
Repulses her - a great pity!
Friends from childhood turn bitter foes
Become friends again ending woes!
Paradox thy name sure is life
To be freed indeed will be fine!





矛盾人生

[印度] N V 萨巴拉曼

矛盾，汝之名必为“人生”
你智慧，你锐利如刀锋
却不知何者为误何者为正
你的偏见持久而强硬
她原来如此热爱那乐声
却转为烦恼使其头疼
她素喜甜美也变成酸戾不通
那馥郁的梔子花和露水
也是她最爱的曾经
可惜，现在已早为其冷落
儿时的好友变成劲敌
转又结束悲伤重叙友情
矛盾啊矛盾，汝之名必为人生
美哉莫如冲出牢笼！

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 79 期)

As Still As A Broom

[USA] Stanley H. Barkan

Love as still as a broom
leaning against a fireplace.

All the carpets swept,
all the ashes grated.

And the candles burned
down to the black wires.

And the windows frosted
starless, moonless.

No shoes under the bed,
no towel on the floor.

Only the crease in the pillow
and a smell I can't remember.





静如帚

[美国] 斯坦利·巴坎

爱如帚，静倚炉
毯净扫，尘已无
烛光灭，蜡芯烬
窗成霜，星月疏
床无鞋，地无布
枕余褶，味如故

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 80 期)

At the Time Barrier

[Italy] Anna Ceruti

One day at the time barrier
we'll be drawn out of darkness.
Up there, spiral of galaxies
move with a rock beat
someone makes music
with the breath of millions of mouths
in heaven is played
your magic guitar, Bob.
At last we'll possess light
we'll float in the seas of universe
without distress
in the harmony of skies.





时间障

[意大利] 安娜·塞鲁蒂

终有一天，在时间障前
我们都会被拉出黑暗
在那里，银河的螺旋
以摇滚的节拍旋转
还有人借千万吐呼吸
奏响音乐的琴弦
天堂里也飘荡着
你魔力的吉他呢，鲍勃
最后我们还会支配光
我们会在星天的谐和中
游弋于宇宙的瀚海
脱离一切苦难

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 85 期)

The Death of a Star

[Italy] Anna Ceruti

Nobody pours human tears
for the death of a star
her two thousand sisters
spread a rumor in the sky
with more frequent beams
then they attend
a funeral of light.
Only the Poet, unique heir
of the court astronomers
sees that one star is missing
he regrets, he feels more alone.
But the sky has a dream
and converts His mourning
into a handful of dust.





星陨

[意大利] 安娜·塞鲁蒂

无人为一颗星的坠落
倾注怜悯的泪水
她的两千姊妹
散布流言于星河
然后出现在
光的葬礼
只有诗人，那唯一的
宫廷天文学家的继承者
不见了一颗星的踪迹
他憾叹，感到更加寂寞
但是天空怀抱梦想
并把他的痛悼化作
尘埃一握

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 85 期)

From This Desk

[Israel] Helen Bar-Lev

From the desk at which I sit
and bring beauty
through these hands,
this brush,
onto the paper
into the world,
the corner of my eye
observes the wind
flipflop a tablecloth

on the other side of my heart,
a friend whose son is dying,
a poet who had a breakdown
during army duty,
another who has just had
a difficult diagnosis

in my painting, human-free,
the North abloom,
mountains regal in the background,
pine trees and peace,
sky blue with optimism,
ground green with eternity





桌子旁

[以色列]海伦·巴列夫

在这张书桌上
我用这双手
和这支笔
把美绘到纸上
带到这个世界
我的眼角
瞥见风 在扑打
一张桌布

而在我心的另一旁
是一个朋友，其子弥留
和一个正服兵役诗人
已累垮肩膀
还有一个才得知
难以确诊病况

我的画里，没有人的踪影
北国繁花绽放
群山巍峨在远方
松林平和宁静
天空蔚蓝而清朗
大地也青翠如常

on the radio
a six-year-old Mozart
is wooing my heart

whom do I fool?
a world in pain
paradise so close to a hostile border
that, if you listen, you will surely hear
the mortar shells falling

am I permitted the peace
which creativity gives
yet compassion prevents?

I sign the painting
a month in the making
and hurt for the world





收音机上
一个六岁的音乐神童
正博取我的心

我愚弄了谁呢？
一个痛苦的世界
和敌对边界如此临近的天堂
若你仔细聆听，你定能听到
炮弹雨落的炸响

我是否准许得到和平
它乃创造力所赋
却又被怜悯禁访

我在这幅画上落款
曾花费一个月创作
而今对世界却是痛伤

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 72 期)

Would That I Were Plumeria

[Pakistan] Naina Adil

Would that I were plumeria,
A flower clean and spotless,
In the day would bask in the sun,
At night ply with beams of the moon.
I would have neither religion,
Nor tongue, nor sect, nor customs,
Would that I were not from descendants,
Of Cain: the conspirators against lands
Waters and airs, they are polluters of minds.
Would that I were a gift for the untainted eyes,
Free of chauvinism, patriotism and prejudice,
Being crown of the creation,
Instead of becoming a cause
Of turmoil on the gorgeous planet,
Would that I were an innocuous plumeria,
The creation which enriches beauty of the world,
Imparts happiness, satisfaction, sparkle,
And inscribing a poem on the palm of breeze
Vanishes away forever from the world.





多希望我就是缅梔子

[巴基斯坦]奈纳·阿迪尔

多希望我就是缅梔子
一朵白璧无瑕的缅梔子
白天我可以在太阳下晒暖
到了晚上就以月光为食
我可以没有宗教信仰
没有派别、语言和礼俗
多希望我不是该隐的子孙后世
不阴谋破坏大地、水源和空气
不污染纯洁的精神
多希望我是一份礼 给澄澈的眼睛
没有沙文主义，没有所谓的爱国心
没有任何偏见。只做创造物的花冠
而不制造导引任何混沌骚乱
破坏这个美丽的地球
多希望我就是一朵淡淡的缅梔子
可以让这个世界更加美丽
传递幸福，满足和活力
并且可以在清风的手心雕刻一首诗
让它从这个世界永远消失

(原译载于《世界诗人》总第 71 期)

关于译者

木樨颜，本名颜海峰，男，曲阜人，常用笔名木樨颜、木樨黄谷、水中山，民盟盟员，北京外国语大学外国文学研究所博士研究生，山东政法学院副教授，山东省作家协会会员、英国比较文学研究会（BCLA）会员。同时担任中国比较文明学会理事、中国英汉语比较研究会典籍英译专业委员会理事、《国际诗歌翻译》季刊客座总编、《欧洲诗人》英语主编、国际期刊《商务翻译》《东北亚外语论坛》副主编、《学术视界》编委会副主任等职。著有个人诗集《一页水山》《残忍月光》，译诗集《乡村往事》《生命》《梧桐树》《喊出太阳》《平原善辞》《空房子》《冰与火的对话》《徐春芳诗选》《神游》等及编著《中国古典诗歌精选精译》、“东西文翰大系”丛书等 40 余种，曾获第四届中国当代诗歌奖翻译奖等。

于阳，辽宁丹东人，就读于河北师范大学，研究方向为地理学、典籍英译与文学，国学双语研究会会员。曾参编《藏汉英四大格言诗》，为《毛泽东诗词选译》提供藏语译文，发表论文《仓央嘉措诗歌英译原则探析》。

Brent Yan, aka Yan Haifeng, born in Qufu, is a member of the Democratic League of China, a candidate doctor at the Institute of Foreign Literature of Beijing Foreign Studies University, an associate professor at Shandong University of Political Science and Law, a member of Shandong Writers' Association, and a member of the British Comparative Literature Association (BCLA). He is also the council of the Chinese Society for Comparative Civilization, the director of the English Translation of Chinese Classics Committee of the China Association for Comparative Studies of English and Chinese, the guest editor of *Renditions of International Poetry*, English editor-in-chief of *European Poets* and the deputy editor-in-chief of *Business Translation* and *The Northeast Asia Forum of Foreign Languages*, and deputy chairman of editorial committee of *Horizon Academic*. He is the author of two poetry collections, *A Page of Rill and Hill* and *Cruel Moon*, and the translator of poetry collections like *Village Past*, *Life*, *Ode to the Plain*, *Phoenix Tree*, *Yell out the Sun*, *Vacant House*, *Mind Wanders*, etc. He also compiled *Translation of Classical Chinese Poetry* and *Orient-Occident Lit Collection (OOLC)*. He was awarded the translation prize of the 4th Chinese Contemporary Poetry Award, among many other awards.

Yu Yang, born in Dandong of Liaoning Province, studied at Hebei Normal University, is a member of Chinese Classics Bilingual's Association. Her research interests include geography, English translations of classical texts and literature. She participated in the compilation of *Four Great Books of Tibetan Gnostic Verses*, provided Tibetan translations for *Gems of Mao Zedong's Poems*, published a paper "A Probe into the Principles of Translating Tsangyang Gyatso's Poems into English".

编 后 记

POSTSCRIPT

品诗、选诗是繁忙生活中难得的雅致。

非常感谢译者木樨颜能提供这次宝贵的机会，让我作为编者参与到本次国际诗歌译丛的项目中。本册诗集题目来自中国诗人马科的诗《时间的隐喻》（见第 1 首），并以此为主题，选取了中译英及英译中诗文各 30 篇，展示了世界各国诗人对于时间和生命的独特书写。

“时间”是生命中永恒的主题。古往今来，无数文人雅士对虚无缥缈的时间展开了思考。子曰：“逝者如斯夫，不舍昼夜。”时间对于生活在千年以前的孔子而言，是眼前奔腾的河流，任昼夜变换，一去不复返。而时间也由所有时代的人共享，在其他生命经验中流淌着；它可以是山间的清晨，夜晚的繁星，或是母亲脸上悄无声息的皱纹。时间的隐喻是多种多样的，这种丰富性也体现在诗集的编排中：选取的 60 首诗讲述了时间与物、时间与记忆、时间与生命，以及爱与家园之间的特殊关系和动人故事。

在选编本诗集的过程中，作为编者的我也时常感怀于这些诗言的美妙和温情，无论是阅读中文还是英文版本。这不仅仅归功于各国诗人精妙绝伦的诗才，当然也得益于译者独具

匠心的翻译。真诚的期待读者在欣赏本册诗集时，也能在这些诗中体悟诗歌之美，找到关于时间与生命的共鸣。

最后，诚挚地祈请读者慧眼指批与见宥。

编者